

People Of The Word

Steven Sher

inspired by Reb Ahrele Roth, z"l, the Hungarian Hasid

Change bullies us, upsets
the balance of our ways,
conspires to drive a man
outside himself. Familiarity
clings, a child hanging on
his mother's skirt, her
every word. Lowering
a shoulder, rummaging
in every breath, the dust
that all things will become
enters the lungs. Born
with our finite store of
words, each utterance
a holy gift, we pray
we might dispense them
wisely. Prayer defends us
from the harm men speak
against us. Like water
blessings cross the lips,
a scorching desert
of accord. *What comes
from the heart enters
the heart.* May those
ready to hear now hear
and those not ready listen.